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HOME SONGS

— BY —

❧ G. P. NASE ❧





Home Songs,

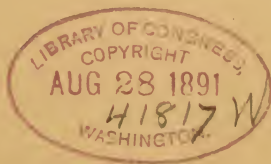
BY

GEORGE P. NASE.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
PRESS OF CHARLES C. TREAT.
1891.



To my sister,
Mrs. H. A. Swift.



Our happy days in Childhood years,
I live them o'er and o'er,
Departed loves, as years roll by
I miss them more and more.

In recognition of true worth,
Ever in thee descried,
I sing those days and absent loves,
My song to thee inscribed.

The Home of my Childhood.



The home of my childhood and kindred I'll sing,
Tho' moments of sadness it may to me bring,
Reverting to pastimes with loves that are gone,
Leaving me to wander and sorrow alone.

Where remains of my kindred, early loves lie,
The zephyrs come lightly, and linger and sigh,
The trees in the orchard long vigils have kept,
O'er the graves once moistened with tears we wept.

The mountain brook leaping adown the hillside,
Slowly thro' orchard meandering it glides,
While passing the tombs where the dim lettered stones
Are leaning in reverence o'er dust of loved ones.

Mother, dearest Mother, her long weary years,
Lamenting, nor finding relief from her tears,
Sisters thier sorrow from dear Mother would hide,
Cheering, condoling, ever by her side.

The home of my childhood I'll never forget,
Where with my dear Mother and sisters I've set,
Listening to music of river and mill,
And notes of sweet warblers that rang on the hill.

Winding thro' valley 'tween banks of wild flowers,
Sang the fair "Weebutook", the long Summer hours,
The cottage, the hillock and birds in their flight
Were mirror'd in river from morning 'till night.

On bank of the river and thro' the farm lane,
Of the maples and willows, few now remain,
The two towering elms my grandfather set,
By the river crossing, are standing there yet.

We gathered wild flowers in meadow and grove,
Violets in clusters we found long the cove,
Our little checked baskets held lily and rose,
And daisy that blossomed 'till Summer months close.

Rowing on the river in mid Summer nights,
Naiads and fairies darting by us, and sprites
Skipping o'er the wavelets that kissed the bold shore,
Receeding, returning, kissing evermore.

With trowsers and sleeves tucked to elbow and knee,
And my dear little sister drest capapie,
We, making our debut with pin, thread and stick.
In the shoal waters of Webutook creek.

Grasping rods tightly, hooking shiners and roach,
Sending them afar from where we stood crouched,
A marvelous story we had to relate,
Angling with our pin hooks and grasshopper bait.

Our house seemed the highest to sister and me,
To top of the chimney we hardly could see,
When up in the attic, were happy and felt,
It was our own Eden, papa for us built.

The tables were laden with dishes and tray,
Ready for the pippins and nuts stored away,
Hick'ry and chestnut from the deep forest hill,
The hazel and butternut, barrels would fill.

The go-cart and cradle, the swifts and big wheel.
The tape-loom and hatchel, the shuttle and reel.
Many things wonderful in attic we found,
While 'neath the low rafters, we stooping ran round.

The old wooden time-piece e'er faithful and true,
Its weights and long pend'lum we often would view,
The ticking and striking, and shrill sounding bell,
Was for us sweet music and timed our steps well.

In the little low rocker, wltħ star cushion'd seat.
Dear grandmother held us, oft rocking to sleep,
Beside her, sat humming some sweet, simple air,
My loving grandsire, in his ancient arm chair.

Pine Hill.



Pine Hill! the play ground of my youth,
My love for thee I own,
The life and song and beauties there,
Were not for me alone.

I've seen a sister from afar,
Gaze fondly at the Hill,
In childhood we went nutting there,
And fished the mountain rill.

On thee Pine Hill, in early morn,
I've heard the songs of love,
The robin's chant, the cuckoo's trill,
Sweet notes of mourning dove.

Around thy brow the lofty pines,
With the low cedars wed,
And down thy sides the Autumn leaves,
In orange, tan and red.

Sang low and sweet those stately pines,
When kissed by gentle breeze,
Their song like distant water-fall,
When stiff gale swept the trees.

The princess pine and sassafras,
The ivy, birch and fir,
The wintergreen with berries red,
In wild profusion were.

Tall maples at the base of hill,
Sweet fountains, old and gray,
Oft we drunk from the dripping box,
Cut rudely in the tree.

Dear sisters cull'd in early Spring,
Rich mosses long the rill,
The may and laurel blossomed there,
And early mountain bell.

There we play'd in sylvan shade,
In balmy Summer days,
There merry childhood often met,
And sang their sweetest lays.

The robin, wren and oriole,
The blue bird, jay and thrush,
Discordant rivals of the choir,
Were piping in the brush.

Pretty squirrels came frisking round,
In their striped red and gray,
The hick'ry nuts we threw to them,
They'd catch, then run away.

In Summer eve along the lane,
And round the cedar hill.
Echoed the old familiar note,
Of the lane whip-poor-will.

I in my rambles, music heard,
Through sunny woodland hill,
The lively song of pretty birds,
Sweet songs that haunt me still.

Warblers flitting from tree to tree,
Twitterings in the air.
Partridge drumming on fallen trunk,
Music everywhere.

The trilling of the bantam owl,
The eagles pierceing cry,
The wood-doves plaint, as low and sweet,
As zephyrs gentle sigh.

Time had eaten the heart away,
From many ancient trees,
Sang in their hollows day and night,
The little busy bees.

And when the Summer twilight eve,
Her mystic mantle spread,
The merry minstrels ceased their song,
And to their coverts fled.

On thee, Pine Hill I've often stood,
And gazed on scenes below.
Saw in the shade the petted kine,
Man toiling with the hoe.



Glancing up in the ether blue,
Felt I could almost see,
A haven for the strug'ling man,
A mansion for him free.

Adieu to thee my native Hill,
Thy lofty brow I ween,
Is wreathed to day as in my youth,
In deepest shades of green.

The Weebutook.



I'll sing of thee my Weebutook.
In simple numbers low,
Unlike thy wild enchanting strain,
Weird music from thy flow.

In my earliest childhood years,
No bounds my rapture knew,
When first I saw along the vale,
Thy waters gambl'ing through.

I ran thy flow'ry sloping banks,
And wrestled with the stream,
I listen'd to thy ceaseless song.
Seems now to me a dream.

Thy witching notes, or far or near.
From falls thy deaf'ning roar,
The tinkl'ing o'er thy pebly bed.
And trilling long the shore.

Dear sisters with their rod and lines,
In little pine canoe,
Were with me on the Weebutook,
And learn'd to fish and row.

Along the hazel border'd shore,
Wresting the oars from me,
They sweetly sang the ancient song,
"My love is on the sea."

Flowers wild in a hundred hues,
Dainty violets blue,
The roses red, the dandelion,
And downy thistles grew.

Twittering birds in hazel bush.
The homely poke sedate,
Sweet ringing notes of bobolink.
Discoursing to his mate.



Where elm and willow cast their shade,
The waters were aglow,
From flashings of the golden fish,
In limpid depths below.

Little beauties darting around,
In wavelets to and fro,
From plashing oars and rocking boat,
That held my dearest two.

By the floating water lilies,
As pure and white as snow,
We anchor cast in Weebutook.
Our bearded hooks let go.

While our slender trembl'ing rods,
Were dipping from the bow.
We reel'd the struggl'ing beauties in,
To little pine canoe.

In limpid spring beside the lawn,
Fringed with fern and flower,
We left the pretty speckl'd gems,
Till morrow morning hour.

At dawn we ran to see the pets,
In fright they sent a spray,
From the spring-bed form'd a cloud,
And hid themselves away.

My sisters sang their sweetest songs,
I'd often with them play.
The harp or flute at eventide,
To while the hours away.

Flow ever on my Weebutook,
I long once more to see,
My dear old homestead by the hill.
Mirror'd there in thee.

Through daisy dappl'd meadow land.
And clover red in bloom.
I heard thee bab'ling, dancing on,
Through day and midnight gloom.

Our gala gays on Weebutook,
Greeting the old and young,
With harp and song as we sped by,
And flag to breezes flung.

I've seen the work of ruthless man,
To nature's charms a foe,
The flowers crush'd the willows fell'd,
I miss'd them long ago.

Never shall I my Weebutook,
On thy calm waters glide,
My loves have flown who used to play,
And follow by my side.

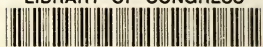
I often in my visions see,
And hear them chanting low,
My sisters on the Weebutook,
In little pine canoe.







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